GUARANTEED WEEKLY CIRCULATION—20,000 COPIES.

THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

No. 2. SATURDAY, MARCH 28TH, 1914. PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

Great Demonstration

SUNDAY, APRIL 5th,

To demand Votes for Women and to protest against the misuse of the Police Force.

PROCESSION

BECKTON ROAD CANNING TOWN form up 2.45, march 3.15.

EAST INDIA DOCK GATES, POPLAR form up 3.15, march 3.45, via Chrisp St., Morris Rd., Violet Rd., Widow's Son Bridge, Devons Rd., Bow Rd., Fairfield Rd., Lefevre Rd., Roman Rd.,

28 FORD ROAD, BOW, form up 4 p.m., march 4.30 via Roman Rd., Old Ford Rd., to

VICTORIA PARK

Mass Meeting at 5 p.m.

MEETINGS.

Sunday, March 29th..3 p.m., Victoria Park.—Mrs. Hughes.

Monday, March 30th..8 p.m., Hackney, Swiss Cottage, Victoria Park.—Mrs. Walker.

8 p.m., Poplar, 319 East India Dock Road. Speaker's Class.—Mrs. Walker.

8 p.m., Bow, Priscilla Road.

Tuesday, March 31st..8 p.m., Poplar, East India Dock Gates.—Miss Holmes.

8 p.m., Bow, Out and Out Hall, Tredegar Road.—Miss Newcombe.

8 p.m., Canning Town, Freemason's Road.—Mr. Touning.

Wednesday, April 1st..8 p.m., Poplar, 319 East India Dock Road.

8 p.m., Crowder's Hall, 173 Bow Road.—Mrs. Schlette.

8 p.m., Bromley, Chrisp Street, and Charles Street.

Thursday, April 2nd..3 p.m., Poplar, 319 East India Dock Road.—Miss Haarbleicher.

3 p.m., Bow, 28 Ford Road.

3 p.m., Limehouse, Deacon's Vestry, Burdett Road.

8 p.m., Canning Town, 124 Barking Road.—Mrs. Walker.

8 p.m., Bromley, Knapp Road.—Mr. Rettich.

Friday, April 3rd..8 p.m., Poplar, Piggott Street.—Mrs. Laski.

8 p.m., Bow, Ford Road.—Mrs. Walker.

8 p.m., Canning Town, Beckton Road.

A PRAYER OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

a great Indian poet and philosopher.

"This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord—strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

"Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

"Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

"Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

"Give me the strength to raise my mind above daily trifles.

"And give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy Will with love."

MARKET STALL.

Dear Friends,—We have decided to have a stall on market days in the Roman Road, starting this week, to sell our Paper, and to advertise our cause. Of course, someone will have to be at the stall all the time, so that I hope that some of our members will volunteer to help to keep it. I am sure it will be a great success, and add to the picturesqueness of the Roman Road.

Yours sincerely,
ZELIE EMERSON.

MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST'S SUMMONS.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's Summons, issued under the Act of Edward III., has been sold for £100. Her seventh license under the Cat and Mouse Act is now offered for sale to the highest bidder. Bids should be sent to the Central Offices of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes, 321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

MEN AND WOMEN JOIN THE PEOPLE'S ARMY.

All particulars—

321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EAST LONDON PRAYS FOR VOTES FOR WOMEN.

The procession to the Abbey on Sunday, 22nd March, started from Ford Road about 4.30 p.m. and Miss Pankhurst was able to accompany it in a wheel chair in spite of the fact that her "Cat and Mouse" licence had expired. Possibly the police would have taken her if she had shown any disposition to "come quietly," for the procession passed a taxi cab drawn up at the side of Roman Road, in which an unobtrusive gentleman of familiar type was seated; but the large number of supporters assembled outside 28, Ford Road seems to have taught the police that on this occasion discretion was the better part of valour.

The procession was headed by the Rev. C. A. Wills, who walked between the usual mounted police, and beside him Miss Emerson, who carried the flag. A slight hitch occurred at the bottom of Ford Road. One of the back wheels of Miss Pankhurst's carriage buckled, and in the dense crowd which surrounded it there was some difficulty in getting it either on or back. But a cry of "carry her" met with an instant response and in a moment Miss Pankhurst's chair was on the shoulders of half-a-dozen supporters, and the procession became a triumphal march of rebels with the arch-rebel carried shoulder high along the Roman Road.

There is no doubt that, whatever may be the attitude of the rest of London, the East End understands and sympathises with the women in their fight. All along the route windows were thrown up and eager spectators waved their greeting to the Suffragettes. Hats and handkerchiefs too were waved from the tops of omnibusses; indeed, I heard only one jeering speech along the whole route, and that was from a top-hatted person whose conspicuous absence of chin, coupled with his extreme youth, did not incline one to attach much value to his opinion.

The procession would have been a very long one but for the fact that the people had decided to keep together as closely as possible, in order to take no risks in the matter of Miss Pankhurst's arrest; as a consequence not only the road but the pavements on either side were covered with marchers. As the head of the procession reached Ludgate Circus the whole of Ludgate Hill, from side to side and top to bottom, appeared from a distance to be black with human ants. The *Women's Dreadnought* sold all along the route. In the Strand a paper-seller sped past me crying: "I must have more papers; I'm sold out!"

At the Bank the East London Federation was joined by a contingent of the Men's Federation for Woman's Suffrage, with their banner, and at Trafalgar Square the Forward Cymric Suffrage Union also joined in.

The procession reached Charing Cross about twenty minutes to seven. The wheel of Miss Pankhurst's chair had been straightened before the procession was well out of Bow, and for some miles she had been pushed along the streets. Now she was once more lifted shoulder-high—a splendid rallying point had there been any attempt to arrest her.

As the procession passed the end of Downing Street, two women slipped through the cordon of police which stood to protect the homes of timerous Cabinet Ministers (conscience is said to make cowards of us all!) The police gave chase and Miss Paterson and Miss Peterson were arrested. As the bulk of the procession had passed however, the arrests did not cause very much stir, and most of the marchers accompanied Miss Pankhurst's ambulance to Charing Cross, and made their way home to Bow, heartened for further fight.

EMILY D. SHARP.

THE PROCESSION IN GREEN STREET.

THERE WAS NO ROOM.

By MRS. MANSELL-MOULLIN.

Two thousand years ago the Holy Mother gave birth to the Saviour of the world in a stable "because there was no room in the inn." On Sunday last, "Mothering Sunday" (so called because it was the custom, in old days, for the people to attend their Mother Church on that day) there was no room for HIM in Westminster Abbey, and HE, in the person of HIS poor, was shut outside.

From the far East End those who wished to worship HIM, and to offer up supplications for the oppressed womanhood of the race, had tramped the weary miles to the great Abbey with joyful hearts, buoyed up with faith in the righteousness of their cause. A perfectly orderly, reverent, procession, two thousand strong, had started from Bow and had been joined by other Sufferage Societies and augmented by crowds all along the route.

Precisely at 10 minutes to 7 they reached the Abbey and were politely asked by the police to go to the Poet's Corner entrance. The gates were standing open as they marched up, but as the leaders of the procession reached them they were closed and barred by the police.

"There is no room for you, the Abbey is full," was the message. "Then may we enter the gates and pray in the yard?" was the Rev. C. Wills' reply. This was emphatically forbidden. "Then we will pray where we are," was the splendid decision.

The crush was terrific as the vast procession was brought to a sudden standstill at the closed gates, but all the men's heads were reverently bared as the clergyman prayed that "Sylvia Pankhurst, Emmeline Pankhurst, and all hunger strikers might be spared, and that justice might be speedily granted to women."

At this moment two inspectors came from the Abbey and requested the clergyman to come inside and see the custodian, who wished him to know that the Abbey was full. "Will you ask him to come outside as I have commenced the service" was the prompt reply. This was the only message received from the authorities.

Mr. Wills then spoke a few earnest words to the vast crowd, and I know that in the hearts of many there was a feeling of deep thankfulness that some priest had been brave enough to cast everything else aside and to champion the cause of the women.

The supreme moment was yet to come! The crowd called upon Sylvia Pankhurst to speak to them, and an invalid chair, on which she had been wheeled from Bow, was slowly raised shoulder high, and one looked upon what might have been a spirit, so emaciated, so ghost-like, so ethereal, is all that is left of the poor tortured body. She raised her hand, and with superhuman strength, in a silence that could be felt, she called upon those present to remember that all the appeals to the government of the country had been in vain, and that they had met to-night to ask ONE higher than they, to give mercy and justice to women, and to give them strength to fight.

"We are denied the roof of the Abbey," she said, "but we have the sky above us, and our prayer will reach HIM." Tears clouded many eyes, and a stalwart policeman was heard to sob, and a "God save Sylvia Pankhurst," was uttered in reverence by many a worn and weary toiler.

After that we sang hymn after hymn, and even after the Blessing had been pronounced, the crowd would not stir, but begged for more hymns.

Many thoughts surged through one's mind, and the story of the cleansing of the Temple was uppermost.

There was the Abbey—"a temple made with hands," in which we know the Dean allows performances of the B Minor Mass by the Bach choir *for which tickets are sold* as in a Concert Hall, and where those sit in comfort who fatten on the sweating of the poor—and as a contrast—thrust outside "a temple *not* made with hands"—a vast concourse of the Mothers and the future Mothers of the race, from the poorest parts of East London praying for the power to get better conditions for the destitute and starving.

The Temple needs again "the scourge of small cords" to cleanse it and to cast out the money grabbers and hypocrites, and we know that this cleansing is soon coming to pass, for those who had the glory and honour of assisting in last Sunday's "service" are convinced that a New Era is dawning.

Dear friends in East London, I beg of you do not blame Christianity and call it a failure. Christianity has *not* been tried and found wanting, it has been found difficult and left untried!

EDITH R. MANSELL-MOULLIN.

WHAT MRS. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK saw

At half past six crowds of people were already waiting for the East End procession. Waiting in Trafalgar Square, down Whitehall, and densely packed on the Abbey side of Parliament Square. The police seemed less disposed to "Pass along," and worry than they usually are, and so when a little white litter appeared slowly moving above the heads of the vast throng, the procession was received in a silent and reverent manner appropriate to the occasion. Unfortunately the authorities arrangements were as bad as they invariably are when dealing with women or working people. It seemed inconceivable to them that beings of so little account should really have the right to pray in our national Abbey, or if they claimed such a privilege, at any rate not theirs to enter by any but a back door! So we were made to halt behind the Abbey, and immediately facing the House of Lords. The mounted men drew up. The banners stood still. The great space rapidly filled with dense swarms of people, all of whom uncovered their heads when they realized that the frail form strapped on its white cushions, was apparently being carried in. Most of us were under the impression that Miss Pankhurst was admitted to the Abbey, but that it was too full for any of her friends. Only afterwards did we hear of the extraordinary display of bad taste on the part of the Dean in refusing to allow her to enter.

Close to one of the banners walked a clergyman, testifying not only to the solemnity of the occasion and the dauntlessness of a spiritual mission which no temporal power can check, but also to the steadfastness of Christ's true church, which is ever found on the side of the afflicted and the oppressed; "Onward Christian Soldiers" was then sung by the crowd when we drew up, and then we all realized that though a congregation inside the Abbey might be pattering some portion of a customary service, the Divine Service we had all come to attend was being conducted outside, and not inside, the building.

The strangely religious feeling in the suffrage movement is perhaps due to the fact that many men and women are for the first time endeavouring to put their religion into practice. "Love one another." Claim nothing for yourself, not even the Vote, that you do not claim for others in equal measure. Believe in the "Communion of Saints," that is of all those who have been, and are, ready to suffer for the Faith that is in them, the "Forgivness of sins"—Ah yes! "Sins?" If the cruelty of the coercive measures so ruthlessly applied by this Government to a Sylvia Pankhurst are so great—a woman who is after all only in the grip of a Puritan Home Office for the technical offence known as default of finding surities, what in the name of Justice and Mercy cannot be done to the poor unfortunate inarticulate creatures who may really have committed some "sin" through ignorance, anger, or want?—Away with your wigs and trappings, your punishment, your mumblings, and your endless formulæ. The women are coming!—*Have* come!—Make way! Hymn followed hymn. Even the police looked devout. After all they too had mothers once! And I am certain they too saluted Miss Pankhurst, mentally at least, when she addressed, a few words to the assembled multitude. Words which few perhaps could hear, but all could feel in that wonderful free Church of Heaven. The same Church wherein was preached the Sermon on the Mount for the Great Teacher needed no walled enclosures for His sermons. Then an ambulance drew up in awed silence, two nurses got their precious charge into it on her litter and no doubt indulged in some professional remonstrances over the whole proceedings as they slowly drove back to Bow through the crowd, a guard of Honour for that which is not merely one small woman, but which represents the "Something" that is utterly beyond and above the Brute Forces of this world.

RUTH C. BENTINCK.

PROPAGANDA IN COURT.

At Bow Street Police Court, on Monday, March 23rd, Miss Margaret Paterson, the Poplar W.S.P.U. Organiser, was fined 40/- for taking Miss Jenne Peterson, a Danish Suffragette, into Downing St., to show her Mr. Asquith's house. Mrs. Parsons, a witness, made two new members of the E.L.F.S. sold four badges and six copies of the Woman's Dreadnought, and got a three month's subscription for the paper, whilst she was in Court.

The
Woman's Dreadnought.

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

CENTRAL OFFICE
321 ROMAN ROAD, BOW, E.
Telephone EAST 422.

No. 2. Saturday, March 28th, 1914.

Bravely and Willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service.

THE MARCH TO THE ABBEY.

The main body of the congregation at the "Mothering Sunday" Service in Westminster Abbey were left outside. We who marched by long ways from far East London, prayed for the blessing of God upon our fight for human liberty beneath the open heavens.

The police did not molest us, because, from the moment of starting, we were too many.

TO VICTORIA PARK.

We hear that on Saturday, April 4th, the Unionists are to hold a demonstration to protest against "The Misuse of the Army."

We believe that the crisis that is supposed to be looming over Ireland is being carefully manufactured by the Party leaders and the Press on both sides. These men are fighting neither for principle, nor for the welfare of the people, but to win the next General Election for themselves. For the politicians the Ulster and Irish Nationalist controversy is all a sham fight, in which each one is seeking to further his own party and personal ends. We women must remember that both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond, with Mr. Asquith and the Cabinet, have ranged themselves against political freedom for women. We do not believe that the victory of either group of grasping politicians will bring any greater comfort and happiness to Irish homes, though just as we are anxious to obtain self Government for ourselves, we should be willing that others also may have it. We know that it is our duty to keep our minds fixed on the daily needs and hardships of our fellow human beings, and on the means by which we women may obtain the power to abolish sweating and destitution, the exploitation and degradation of women, bad housing and other evil social conditions.

We take no interest in the Unionists' Demonstration, but on Sunday, 5th of April, we shall hold a demonstration in Victoria Park, to demand Votes for Women, and to protest against the misuse of the police force, of which we in East London have so often had cause to complain.

Our procession will form up at Beckton Road, Canning Town at 2.45, and at the East India Dock Gates, Poplar, at 3.15, and will march to 28 Ford Road, Bow, E., where I shall join you, and go with you to the Park. Come, friends, in large numbers, in order that we may again show the police that we are too many to be obstructed, and that we may repeat the triumph of Sunday, March 22nd.

I want to appeal very earnestly to our members and friends to help us to so extend the circulation of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT, that it shall find its way into every household in East London. We ask you all to come forward and volunteer, both to sell and to distribute free copies of the paper. Volunteers should call at 321 Roman Road, Bow, 319 East India Dock Road, Poplar, or at 94 Ravenscroft Road, Canning Town.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.

Dear Editor,—May I ask a space in our little paper, as a mother of four and expecting another? I appeal to my sisters, if not for their own sakes, for the benefit of their children to join this fight. As the wife of a labourer earning 25/- per week, I know that the time has come when mother as well as father must be fighting politically side by side. Mother as well as father must be guarding the children outside the home as well as in.

What a fuss about the beautiful picture! What are pictures compared with our children? yet in time of distress they fight us through our children. What about our brave women? What about their beautiful human characters that are being slowly murdered? "Humanity before Property" is the cry of our women, and after all that is what counts.

ONE OF THE MILITANTS.

"KING" CARSON TRICKSTER.

Sir E. Carson, on Monday, March 23rd., informed a deputation of suffragists that he could not ask for any special treatment for Ulster women as he had never agreed with the suffragist movement. Why did he promise votes to women under the Ulster Provisional Government?

We told GEORGE GEORGE!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE speaking at HUDDERSFIELD said:—

"I have deprecated as much as any man the breach of the law by people who are fighting for the franchise of women; but I ask, and I ask it in all seriousness, if Mr. Bonar Law ever comes into power what moral right will he have to punish these people for breaches of the law. After all, they are deprived of the rights of citizenship."

We have for months been pointing out to Mr. Lloyd George and his friends that they have no moral right to thrust the suffragette into gaol and let the Ulstermen go free.

ARREST OF PEACEFUL PICKETERS.

The Women's Freedom League has been demanding an enquiry into the (Rex v. Wetherall) of two policemen, who were concerned in a particularly scandalous attempt to connive at concealing the assault of a constable upon a little girl of 14. As no reply to this demand was received from the Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard was picketed by a number of Freedom League members on Monday, and this protest was continued on Tuesday, when four picketers were arrested. No charge of obstruction was proved against them, but Miss Strange, Miss Smith, Miss Rushbrooke, and Mrs. Cubley were sentenced to 14s. or 14 days. They refused to pay and were committed to Holloway. The picketing continues.

NO VOTE! NO RENT!

The Working Woman's Weapon.

I PROMISE TO JOIN THE NO VOTE NO RENT STRIKE.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

State Yes or No to the following:—

I occupy an entire house.

I am the householder, but let part of the house unfurnished.

I rent unfurnished rooms from my landlord or landlady.

I occupy part of a house which is let off in separate flats.

LODGERS,
CONVERT the LANDLADY
that she may STRIKE with the rest.

EVERY WOMAN
join the
EAST LONDON
Federation of the Suffragettes
WE NEED YOU!

A CHILD IN TROUBLE.

At Penisborough in Yorkshire, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a miner has been committed for trial for the murder of her illegitimate child.

THE GIRL DID IT TO SAVE HER MOTHER TROUBLE.

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst has received the following letter from the girl's brother:—

". . . She is the victim of circumstances like a good many more. After being fatherless since seven year's old, Minnie has always been a good, honest, hard-working girl, looking after home whilst mother has been out working, she having to bring up five of us since father died, by working at the wash-tub.

"She has not been a girl for running after lads, for she had always plenty to do, but there is such a thing as a man molesting a girl, and a girl in the house by herself, it is a very easy matter.

"As for concealment, what was a girl to do when she knew what jeers and sneers would be thrown at her, being very well known. You see, in a large town it is not so bad, but in a village it is the talk of the place. As Minnie says 'she did it to save her mother,' and no child could have a better mother than our's has been, bring us all up respectable. It is a terrible blow to her to have this, when she thought she was to have piece and quietness, as a woman should have at her age.

"The coroner at the inquest said that mother had not prepared for Minnie, knowing her condition, but my elder sister that is married, promised to give her what she had for her last child, so she did not prepare for her any further."

STOP PRESS NEWS.

Borough Councillors, who voted against Free Speech, vanquished and put to flight by women and men of East London.

Full Report next week.

ENGLISH WOMEN ALIENS.

A new Naturalisation Bill has been introduced by the Government under which British women continue to become aliens when they marry foreigners, and remain aliens even on the death of their husbands. In Australia, where women have the vote, they do not lose their nationality.

ADVERTISE IN OUR PAPER.

Deal with our Advertisers.

SCALE OF CHARGES.

		£	s.	d.
Charges per inch:—				
Front Page	...	0	3	6
Back Page	...	0	3	0
Other Pages	...	0	2	0
Charges per column:—				
Front Page	...	2	2	0
Back Page	...	2	0	0
Other Pages	...	1	15	0
Charges per page and half-Page:—				
Front Page	...	8	0	0
„ Half Page	....	4	10	0
Other Pages	...	6	10	0
„ Half Page	...	3	10	0

Classified advertisements (small type) 1s. for 12 words, ½d. a word after. Four insertions for price of three.

The above prices are less 5 per cent. for 13 or more insertions.

Z. P. EMERSON,
Advertisement Manager.

As a result of my second Advertisement, orders are still coming in.

JAMES PAYNE,
Bespoke Boot & Shoe Maker.
28 FORD ROAD, BOW, E.

MORTON'S STRIKE.

The strike of 900 women and girls employed at Morton's, in Millwall, and the 300 men who have come out to support them in their fight against the introduction of child labour, is still going on.

The four little girls, whose engagement began the dispute, have been dismissed, but no promise for the future has been given, and the women, therefore, refuse to return to work.

Miss Florence Buchan, the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT representative, says:—

"Some of the women strikers are more than 50 years old, and have worked there from 20 to 30 years. They are now only getting 12s. a week. Younger women only get 6s. to 8s. 4d. a week, and in the busy season, which lasts four to six weeks, when they work from six in the morning till nine or 10 at night, they get an extra 1s. per week. Their work is to cut up rabbits, which come in already frozen, and then are kept in water for one day, after which they are put up in tins by girls, and then taken to the tinsmiths. The rabbits are cooked in the tins, and are then packed in large boxes by the men. Puddings, mince-meat, and cod-roe are all prepared and packed up by the women. The work is very hard, and the women and girls, with whom I spoke, said that they think they ought to get 10s. per week to start with, and then have a rise once every year till they get 15s. per week. This would not be very much, but, unfortunately, they only get 8s. per week. It is very dirty work and is very dull.

"Confectionery and Butterscotch.—Confectionery work is pretty, and they say they can earn fairly good wages; so the workers like it much better than tinning rabbits. At packing butterscotch, women get 9s. per week, and if they are fortunate they go on piecework, and can earn 1s. a week more.

"Tin Department.—A woman of about 45 is employed to lacquer the tins in various colours, which is very dirty and nasty work, she earns about 10s. to 12s. a week.

"When the strike began, one foreman locked the women and girls under him into the workroom, and told them that he would not let them out till they had finished the work. The women, of course, refused to do another stroke of work, so the foreman decided to let them out. The women told the men in the factory what had happened, and they waited till the foreman came out, and gave him a good thrashing."

Miss Mary McArthur, 34 Mecklenburg Square, Mrs. Scurr and Alderman Devenay are receiving subscriptions for the strikers; 5s. a week is being paid out to the women, and it is little enough, as many of them are widows, with children to support.

One of the girls picketing outside the works has been arrested.

A MOTHER'S SUICIDE.

An inquest was held yesterday at Stepney on Alice Tomkins, 48, wife of a tinsmith, of Rhodeswell Road, Limehouse, who committed suicide.

A daughter said her father had been in the infirmary for two months, and that she and her sister had been employed at Morton's factory, Millwall, but were now on strike. On Tuesday evening her mother left the house, and nothing was heard of her until her body was found in Regent's Canal.

SWEATED DRUDGERY.

A woman writing in the *Daily Herald* says: "I work from 8.30 in the morning to 8.30 at night. I am a general ironer, and on one day for ironing 72 pieces, one coat and a dress I earned 2s. 3d." This woman has to keep herself and a delicate girl of ten.

Refusing to accept without demur reductions in their pay equivalent to about 25 per cent. off their wages, 100 women and girl menders and a few men employed by Mr. W. P. Skevington, hosiery manufacturer of Sauvey Gate, Leicester, have been locked out. A notice has been posted at the factory gates that only non-unionists will be employed.

MRS. DRUMMOND AT GLASGOW.

"You have children outraged today, you have women on the streets in prostitution, you have the White Slave traffic, and yet you say that women are wrong in destroying your property. Oh, it is so like a man's argument. It just reminds me of my experience in Derry. A man there came back to the organiser with the ticket for the meeting, and he said, 'I am sorry I cannot come to your meeting to-night because I am drilling, and I have made up my mind I cannot support your organisation because I do not believe in militancy.'" . . . "You say: 'You will never get anything from the men when their backs are up.' We never got anything when their backs were down. And that is militancy in a nutshell."

DRUGGING IN HOLLOWAY.

Dr. Flora Murray, issues the following statement in regard to the drugging which is being practised on Suffragettes forcibly fed in Holloway:—

"Bromide is a hypnotic and depreses the nervous system.
It produces a skin rash.
It lowers the sensibility of the pharynx.
Given over long periods it may cause a 'drug habit'—the person is unable to sleep without it, and requires larger doses."

Every one of us must shrink from the idea of being turned into a "drug-fiend" against one's will. Nothing can be more destructive to any human being than constant drugging.

HOW DO WOMEN BENEFIT?

The Fabian Research Department has issued a Report on the working of the Insurance Act in which it is shown that at least half-a-million women who would normally be elligible for maternity benefit, find themselves excluded from it for various reasons. Many of these women are the wives of persons employed by the Government. The men escape the weekly insurance stamp and secure sickness and disablement benefits, but there is no maternity benefit for the wives.

Numbers of women are being refused sick benefit when away from work on account of pregnancy. Some Insurance Societies are refusing sick benefit to persons suffering from venerial disease. Their excuse is that these diseases are due to misconduct, but many of the sufferers are inocent married women.

The Insurance Act has disclosed the fact that millions of poor people are always ill. 81 per cent. of the people on the list of one East London doctor have required medical attention, and a South London doctor has attended 88 per cent. The terribly high rate of sickness amongst married working women gives cause for grave national concern.

WHAT RIGHTS HAS A MARRIED WOMAN.

Among the applications at Thames police court on Saturday, March 14th, were several women who applied for summonses against their husbands on the ground of petsistent cruelty. Their requests had to be refused, owing to the fact that they were still living with their husbands.

The magistrate said it was a cruel hardship in the Act that before he could grant a summons a woman must leave her husband. It was a ridiculous provision, but that was the law.

What is a woman with a family of little children to do when her husband illtreats her or refuses to give her any housekeeping money; She cannot go into lodgings, for in all probability, no one will have her unless she can pay a deposit, and she is probably penniless. She can go to the workhouse of course, and wait till the Guardians sue her husband for leaving his wife and children chargeable to the rates. This means that she will be separated from her children; and why should she be put into a workhouse, which is virtually a prison, because someone has failed to do his duty?

Things like this will be changed when women help to make the laws. At the present time the law shows little honour and respect to the mothers of the nation!

WANTED.

GARDEN ROLLER—What price delivered to Barnet Station? L., Somerset House, New Barnet.

SECOND-HAND DOG KENNEL, suitable for a Retriever, must be in good condition. Box 100, 321 Roman Road.

TO LET.—Furnished room, quiet house, Suffragettes, near station, 1d. from City—address: Hope, 321 Roman Road, Bow.

WANTED, by member of E.L.F.S., Maternity nursing, or daily housework—write Box 200.

LETTERS TO A SPY.

Letters sent by a well-known detective to a spy, who has joined one of the men's Unions for Women's Suffrage, have been intercepted. Two of them read as follows:—

"Dec. 9th, 1913.

"Dear Old ——,

"Don't fail to let me know if you are going to Town Hall, Battersea, on Thursday, and if S. P. will be there.

"Yours truly, ——."

"Feb. 4th.

"My Dear ——,

"I was indeed glad to get your letter dated the 2nd inst., which was addressed to Office, and which was forwarded to me and received this morning.

"I am enclosing Postal Order for you to have a drink, and hope you got the one I sent you last week.

"In the meantime, ——, old boy, send anything you get to hear of concerning intentions of your Union addressed to me at Scotland Yard, which will be opened and afterwards sent to me.

"Yours ever sincerely, ——.

"P.S.—In case anything is on during opening of Parliament, don't forget to let me have a line at Office."

ANYTHING BUT THE VOTE!

All public museums and galleries, and the Houses of Parliament themselves, are closed to the public to prevent suffrage outrages. The Government prefers to take any precaution rather than give women the vote!

Dr. Mercier suggests as an alternative to forcible teeding under the Cat and Mouse Act that police protection should be withdrawn from the suffragettes. This is exactly what we want in East London, for the people are all on our side.

The Anti-Suffrage League suggests that milk should be placed in the suffragettes' cells instead of water. What is the use of that when they take neither water or milk?

WHAT BARBAROUS RUSSIA THINKS.

Madame Tyrkova, speaking in St. Petersburg last week, said that the English suffrage movement showed to what straits the best women were driven in a highly civilised society, where the idea that women were essentially inferior to men had become embodied in a network of usage and custom. Her remarks were applauded by the audience and policemen!

EAST LONDON MEETINGS

On Thursday evening, March 19th, "Sylvia," who was carried in on a stretcher, received a splendid welcome from a crowd of women and men in Bow Baths. The Borough Council has kept the Suffragettes out of the public halls since last October, but the R.S.P.U. took the Baths for a Social and invited Miss Pankhurst to come as a great surprise. Mrs. Moor, Mr. John Scurr, and Mr. Edgar Lansbury also spoke. Music was kindly provided by Miss Gliksten and friends.

On Friday, March 20th, a great Meeting was held in Limehouse Town Hall. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst again spoke from a stretcher, and received a tremendous ovation. Mrs. Mary Leigh, Mrs. Walker, and Mr. Joseph Clayton also spoke.

On Wednesday, March 18th, the Canning Town Members of the E.L.F.S. held an At Home to welcome Miss Pankhurst back from Holloway. They presented her with a fountain pen and a boquet of flowers in the colours. Miss Paterson was also given flowers. Miss Winifrid Mayo and Miss Grace Chappelow gave recitations and songs.

A Social Evening was held by the Bow and Bromley Members in Crowder's Hall on March 18th, to welcome Miss S. Pankhurst and Miss Smyth. The catering arrangements, ably carried out by Mrs. Watkins and Mrs. Knudson, realised a good profit.

A fine procession of men and women marched from Ford Road, Bow, to Holloway on Wednesday night, March 12th, to cheer Miss Sylvia Pankhurst in Prison. The marchers started at 8.30 p.m. and arrived at the prison gates at 11 p.m. Then they marched round the prison buildings singing and cheering, and left at 11.30 to walk the six miles back to Bow. This shows good spirit and enthusiasm after a hard day's work.

Leaflet describing "Effects of Hunger and Thirst Strike," by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, may be obtained from E.L.F.S., 321 Roman Road, Bow, E. 1s. a hundred, 7s. a thousand (postage extra).

I wish to become a member of the EAST LONDON FEDERATION OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

I enclose 1½d. to cover membership and postage.

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW AND BROMLEY.

Hon. Sec.:—MRS. W. LANSBURY, 101 St. Steven's Road, Bow, E.
Organiser:—MRS. IVES, 321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

Miss Bonwick has concluded her series of Lectures on "The Woman's Right to Know," which have been so much appreciated that, by the special wish of members and friends, she has kindly consented to give another series after Easter, in the Out and Out Mission Room.

We had a crowded members' meeting on Thursday last, and finished up with an hour's singing practice.

The march to the Abbey on Sunday was a splendid success. Many thanks to all members and friends who helped with selling, banner-carrying, etc. Great praise is due to the men who rallied round Miss S. Pankhurst. It was a glorious sight to see them marching with her, shoulder high, in the midst of such a great crowd. Will all members who promised to sell and distribute the 'Dreadnoughts' from house to house kindly apply to Miss Jenkins at once. More volunteers are wanted. Lots of work at shop for members willing to help.

POPLAR.

Office .. .. 319 EAST INDIA DOCK ROAD.
Organiser .. .. .. MISS M. PATERSON.

Members worked well in working up Limehouse Town Hall Meeting. Mrs. Fyffe, Mrs. Unwin and Miss Rutter did a large amount of canvassing, and Miss Hammond and Miss Haylett chalked energetically. A meeting, addressed by the organiser, was held outside Morton's factory, and many of the girls came to the Limehouse meeting.

A large number of members joined in the march to Trafalgar Square, and this week all have been busy working up interest in the Borough Council Meeting, and their decision about the public halls.

Members, please remember there are 5,000 copies of the DREADNOUGHT at the Office every week, to be distributed from house to house. Canvassers have done splendid work this week, but it must not be allowed to fall too heavily upon a few. Every member must take her share in this work. Please send at once to tell the organiser how many you want, and remember it is most important to state what street or streets you will be responsible for, in order to prevent overlapping.

DREADNOUGHT Distribution.

Morris Road and Chrisp Street district, and surrounding streets.
District Leader .. Mrs. Fyffe, 37 Morris Road,
Distributors .. Mrs. Unwin, Miss Rutter, Miss Edy.

Woodstock Road district.
District Leader .. Mrs. Walker, 62 Grundy St.
Distributors .. Mrs. Law, Mrs. Cressall, Mrs. Skeet, Mrs. Neuss.

Suffolk Street district.
District Leader .. Mrs. Bird, 90 Suffolk Street.
MORE WORKERS URGENTLY WANTED.

CANNING TOWN.

Hon. Sec. .. MRS. DAISY PARSONS, 94 Ravenscroft Road.

Members are asked to come to Secretary's house for canvassing and DREADNOUGHT distribution.

OTHER EAST LONDON SOCIETIES.

Hackney & Kingsland Branch, M.P.U.
Hon. Sec.: Mr. Eric W. Roberts, 6 Streatley Buildings, Bethnal Green.

Stratford & District M.P.U.
Hon. Sec.: Mr. Clifford Rowe, 31 Dangan Road, Wanstead.

Canning Town M.P.U.
Sec.'s Address: 49 Crediton Road, Canning Town, E.

W.S.P.U. ACTIVITIES.

On Saturday, March 21st, a fire causing £50 damage, was made in the vestry of Clevedon Parish Church. On Sunday, 22nd, seven women prayed for Mrs. Pankhurst and other women in Edinburgh Cathedral. They were arrested. Similar prayers were offered in many other churches. Two women were arrested for posting placards asking the people to pray for votes for women, on two Protestant Cathedrals of Dublin. They were fined 5/- or four days. Many letter-box fires took place in Belfast, and many speeches were made in restaurants and theatres througout the country.

ROUGH JUSTICE. THE WOMAN PAYS.

When women are being tried, men magistrates, judges and juries, declare as to their innocence or guilt and decide upon the punishment which they are to suffer. Only for one cause do women ever sit on a jury in this country. A jury of matrons is empannelled, not to elucidate the workings of a woman's mind in given circumstances of hardship or distress, not to deliberate as to whether the condemned woman should be given the benefit of the doubt, or deserves special leniency or consideration. No, the jury of matrons is only empannelled to decide whether a woman is pregnant, in order that if such be the case, she shall be kept, until the child is born, before being hung.

Thirty-four years passed without the summoning of a jury of matrons and now they have been empannelled twice within the last three months. The most recent case is that of Julia Decies, a girl of 26 who, finding that she was about to have a child and that her lover had infected her with a loathsome disease, shot him, because he told her that he was about to leave her and go to another woman in Paris. It is a terrible story. The girl's relations with this man had begun when she was no more than 20 and now she has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Seven years of prison life will destroy most human beings. It is a crushingly hard sentence, very much heavier than that usually given for the infliction of injuries such as this man sustained; yet the jury had recommended her to mercy and even the judge who condemned the woman could find no good word to say for the man.

The summoning of the jury of matrons had certainly no effect in reducing the sentence, if that was the intention in calling it!

The other case, which was tried in December last, is that of Annie Williams, who killed her little illegitimate son, aged 4½ years. This woman was at the time married to a man who was not the father of her child. Before the marriage he had known the whole story. He knew that this woman's boy would have to be clothed and fed and cared for like other children. Yet he constantly abused her for what had happened and constantly objected to the child. Finally he deserted her and, left in utter misery and want, she killed the child and dismembered its body.

One could have better understood the woman if she had taken her own life too. How could she thrust her little one with violence, alone, into the Great Unknown? Even more horrible it seems, although when the child was dead it mattered infinitely less,—that she should have dismembered it. One cannot comprehend how she could tear and cut its little body. These must either have been the acts of an unbalanced temperament, goaded to its highest emotional pitch, then falling back to a frenzied fear, which made it possible for her to destroy the child's body in order to hide it; or else the whole thing was the outcome of a fit of insanity. Poor wretched woman she has tasted the bitterest dregs of life! She could never know peace of mind again, whatever should befall her.

But in this case, there is someone else who should also be considered. Not the man, who treated his wife and stepchild so inhumanly and who would never for one instant have allowed that his wife had the right to taunt *him*, because, before his marriage, he had entered into an irregular union with another woman.

The man, in the long-lived meanness of his cruelty has painted his soul far blacker than that of the frenzied woman, although our clumsy man-made laws cannot deal with him.

In all such cases, the man goes free, the woman and the unborn babe are punished. The child, who is already handicapped by being the offspring of a cruel and faithless father, and of a mother, perhaps mentally unbalanced, perhaps with a mind unhinged by agony and grief—a mother—whom a judge and 12 jurymen have decided to be too horribly abandoned to remain alive.

Whilst the child grows in her womb, its mother, in her cell, is always seeing the scene of violence that brought her to that place and the day when she will hang! What sort of chance has that littte baby to be born with a sane and happy mind? Even if ultimately the mother be reprieved from death, she has had the shock of hearing the death sentence pronounced and of waiting many awful days—perhaps weeks—in the condemned cell.

In the mediæval times, whence springs this barbarous custom, the influence on the child of heredity and pre-natal conditions was not understood. To adhere to the old procedure, now that our eyes are opened, is an act from which the mediæval lawmakers would have shrunk in horror. It was to safeguard the unborn child that they provided a jury of matrons to decide whether a woman was pregnant and refused to hang her until the child was born. They would not have done this had they realised, as we do, that the life which they preserved for the child, in all probability, would be a penalty heavier than death.

If the woman be not condemned to death, but to a long term of penal servitude, the position is much the same. for she has learned through her period of detention on remand, that our British prisons are in no sense reformatories, but rather houses of living death. No one who knows them would wish to keep there the most degraded human being, for it is certain that almost everyone who is confined in our prisons for a long period will be steadily dehumanised.

More and more as one looks into these matters, one realises that our criminal laws and procedure are too clumsy and hide-bound to deal with with every one of the ever-varing cases of complicated human passion and difficulty that may arise. No system of laws that ever could be made would be suited to every case. In the best of the American Juvenile Courts, all the people concerned in the case are brought together and questioned in a kindly informal way by the judge, and often by the woman officer also, and are persuaded to tell all they know about the matter in their own way. Then, without the girl or boy ever being treated as the "prisoner at the bar"; the best plan that can be devised for his or her ultimate good is adopted. The Juvenile Court is only empowered to deal with child-offenders, but an extension of this scheme should surely be adopted in all criminal cases.

How can it be just to take one person out of a household whose entire atmosphere has been one of turmoil, anger and distress, and to try that one person alone on account of the culminating tragedy that has resulted?

How can it be just to hang or imprison the one whose hand has struck the final blow, and to leave absolutely free, those who perhaps were infinitely more guilty and who goaded the prisoner to the deed? Would it not be wiser if all concerned were to meet, as informally as possible, before an equal number of men and women, in order that when all the circumstances of the case had been carefully enquired into, the blame, the discipline and the re-organisation of life, should be apportioned to all to whom it should be due? Such powers must always, of course, be exercised with careful regard to the reclamation of the wrongdoer, the helping of the unfortunate and the ultimate welfare of society as a whole.

I have often heard comfortable easy-going people boast that in this country every accused person gets a "sort of rough justice." This "rough justice," which seems to settle all their doubts, is usually gross injustice from the human standpoint and only too often it does not reach as far as even legal requirements would demand. How can it be otherwise when every effort of the Government is used, not to dicover the true facts of the case, but to blacken and condemn the accused person? To this end the sharpest and most expensive lawyers are engaged to prosecute on the Governments's behalf and these prosecuting lawyers have always the last word. The judge, whose duty theoretically, is to be strictly impartial, frequently contents himself with reiterating the harshest and most damaging words of the counsel for the prosecution, instead of recalling to the minds of the minds of the jury the strongest points on both sides and then leaving the jury to judge for themselves which points are the weightiest. The outcome of our present procedure is, that when human beings are being tried in our midst, it is not so often the guilty who are punished, as the poor, the helpless and the unfortunate.

E. Sylvia Pankhurst.

"WIVES MUST BE PROTECTED."

Edward Samuel Moyes (38), labourer, was sentenced to nine months' hard labour, at the Old Bailey, on Wednesday, for the manslaughter of his wife, Eliza Elizabeth Moyes. "She kept on nagging," was the prisoner's account, and he kicked her, with the result that she died.

It was urged on the prisoner's behalf that he had been drinking, but the magistrate said that was no excuse, "wives must be protected."

THE POTATO-PICKERS.

By Sylvia Pankhurst.

"Let us not look at ourselves, but onward, and take strength from the leaf and the signs of the field. He is indeed despicable who cannot look onward to the ideal life of man. Not to do so is to deny our birthright of mind."—Richard Jeffries.

It was a fresh, bright, autumn morning, with the sun shining, and the patches of strong, clear, blue sky showing bravely between the driving clouds.

A lark was singing overhead, and the ploughman was driving his team across the field.

The man whistled, the sides of the fat, well-groomed horses glistened, and every time they went up and down the field the ploughshare cut straight through the heart of one of the weed-covered ridges, where the withered stalks of the potato plants were growing, and left behind it in their place an open furrow, where the potatoes could be seen lying amid the moist, dark earth.

Following in the wake of the plough was a long line of women, stooping and bending, stooping and bending over the furrows, groping with their hands in the loose soil, and gathering up the potatoes as they came.

There were three or four men in the field also, the overlookers, who stood talking and smoking by the hedge, and from time to time carried away the filled potato baskets that the women had placed ready, and emptied them on to the potato "pit."

Hour after hour the women went on toiling with bent backs and eyes fixed on the ground, until at last one of the men shouted to them to stop, for it was half-past twelve.

Then the potato-pickers rose, and straightened themselves, and came towards me where I sat watching them, and I saw them clearly for the first time. They were poor creatures, clad in vile, shapeless rags, sometimes pinned, sometimes tied around them with other rags or bits of string. There were old, old women, with their skin all gnarled and wrinkled, and their purple lips all cracked. There were young women with dull, white sullen faces; many with scars and bruises round the eyes, and swollen, shapeless lips. Their hair was all matted and neglected, and every woman's eyes were fiery red.

They came and squatted on the piles of straw laid ready for covering the potatoes, and began each one to eat her meal of bread and jam, or bread and cheese, or of dry bread alone. As they did so they shouted to each other, oaths and jokes that, to me, seemed tragic, then laughed ed at them with awful laughter. When they had finished eating, the elder women sat talking together more quietly, and smoking short clay pipes, whilst the younger women either lay about half asleep in the straw, or chased each other across the field with rough horseplay. Every story that the elder women told ended in prison or in the workhouse. They had all been beaten in the struggle for a solid comfortable footing in society, but there was a human kindliness and helpfulness about them still.

At one o'clock the men called the women back to their work again, and so they went on till five, when they gathered together their ragged shawls and outer garments, and noisily left the field.

Beside the three straw-covered lorries on which they were driven back to their homes in Berwick-on-Tweed, I saw them standing huddled together, these poor, disinherited women who were treated worse than the beasts of the field.

I left them, and turned away down the quiet lane between the woods, where the red light of the setting sun shone upon the tree trunks and the moss and the pine needles at their feet, but as I came upon the open road again the potato-pickers overtook me and drove away past me shouting and singing. hoarsely.

The sky was diffused with a glorious pale gold, and silhouted against it, the leaves and stems showed with delicate distinctness the beauty of their myriad shapes. All the hush and awe of the evening was around me, but still my mind was filled with those poor and dreadful women, and my heart ached.

They had gone back to the slums, where they stay, except when there is potato or fruit-picking, or some other work of the kind to do. The town of Berwick is very sordid. It has more than its share of tramps and castaways. This is partly because it is a great centre for the potato merchants, who give casual employment to these poor waifs and strays, and partly too, they say, because it is a garrison town.

Oh, can it be that we women would have let so many things go wrong in this world, and have made it so hard a place for the unfortunate, would we have let so many *be* unfortunate, if we had had the governing power that men have had?

The light faded, and the stars began to show, and as I climbed up the steep hill between the dark and overhanging trees, there came a swinging, marching tune with a wail behind it into my ears, and the words of an old folk-song:—

Oh, cursed be the cruel wars that ever they did rise,
And out of Merry England pressed many a lad likewise!
They pressed young Harry from me, they pressed my brothers three,
They took them to the cruel wars in high Germany.

The little house at the top of the hill looked warm and cosy as one came out of the darkness, but the woman who sat knitting there by the fire was sad, because the children she had loved and worked for had gone out into the world and left her. She was lonely, and had not enough to do to occupy her thoughts.

Yet, if she could but realise it, the great Woman's Movement calls her as it calls all other women, and out in the world there is work that waits for her.

An endless succession of labour, under the brightness of summer, under the gloom of winter. To my thoughts it is a sadness even in the colour and light and glow of this hour of sun, this ceaseless labour, repeating the furrow, reiterating the blow, the same furrows, the same stroke—shall we never know how to lighten it, how to live with the flowers, the swallows, the sweet delicious shade, and the murmer of the stream!—Richard Jeffries.

All Women are invited to join the
East London Federation of the SUFFRAGETTES.
Central Offices:
321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

BRITISH MUSEUM 28 APR 14

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